Come shall we goe along? *

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe, let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for dutie, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the prince from all the pack of you:
A knot you are of damned blood suckers.

Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret. Oh thou bloudie prison,
Fatall and ominious to noble Peeres: *dominious*
Within the guiltie closure of thy walles
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke. *blood*

Gray. Now Margarets curse is falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.

Ri. Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Buckingham,
Then curst she Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

lines *Rat.* Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
leaues And take our leaue, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.
In Gods name say, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

ante Fin *Dar.* It is, and let but nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I guesse a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord Protectors minde herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

Bi Why you my Lo: methinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

* *Exeunt*

Lord

+ *Lock but* — *Cutteu without a title.*

Lord Hastings, you and he are neare in loue.

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me

But for his purpose in the coronation
I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleasure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe ile giue my voice,
Which I presume he will take in gentle part.

B So. Now in good time here comes the Duk

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My noble L. and cousens all good morro

I haue bene long a sleeper, but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designes,
Which by my presence might haue bene conclu

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my L
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your p
I meane your voice for crowning of the king.

Glo. Then my L. Hastings, no man might be
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me wel

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elie.

Bish. My Lord.

Glo When I was last in Holborne,
I sawe good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Bish. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen Buckingham, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,
And findes the testy gentleman so hote,
ere. As he will loose his head are giue consent,
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royaltie of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow y

Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of t
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone: *
For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
As else I would be were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Elie.

Bi. Where is my L. Protector, I haue sent for